

Good Morning 231

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I GET AROUND

Ron Richards' COLUMN

IT is just two hundred years since John Wesley first set foot in Cornwall.

He crossed the Tamar at Polston Bridge on August 29th, 1743, and rode to Bodmin, where he spent the night. The next evening he arrived at St. Ives to begin his work.

There were unruly scenes. He was mobbed, even struck. But when he left Cornwall a month after his arrival the temper had changed. People profoundly affected by his personality and his message had flocked to hear him everywhere he went. The revolution had started. At Gwennap on September 21st the plain was covered from end to end, and it was supposed there were ten thousand people. He preached to them long. The darkness fell and he went on preaching, and they listened till preacher could not see congregation nor they him.

Moral? That men of vision, courage and ardour can and do conquer both indifference and hostility and leave the world better than they found it is sufficient answer alike to the natural cynic and to the philosophical pessimist.

STATISTICS show that London has the most honest docks in the world. Encouragement of honesty is aided by a system of "snap" tests by P.L.A. police. In these tests, taken without warning, an area is "sealed," and everyone in it has to produce credentials.

In addition, Port of London

are no longer available, and the club has had to make temporary quarters in one of the reading-rooms of the Y.M.C.A. Hostel. Activities are necessarily curtailed.

A COLLECTION of fire marks which insurance companies used to affix to properties insured with them is exhibited in the fish shop owned by seventy-year-old Mr. J. Buckle, of Chippenham.

The use of fire marks was discontinued about a century ago. The first fire mark was issued in 1683, and Mr. Buckle possesses even that one.

Recently, Mr. Buckle received Queen Mary, who expressed great interest in many of the six hundred specimens.

Some of the fire marks and fire plates follow interesting designs. The collector told me that one company had 23 different designs to denote various degrees of properties and insurances.

The fire mark was usually made of lead, eight inches by six. The fire plates were of copper or zinc, and were about the same size. Some were made even of porcelain.

MR. DONALD MILLER, back from India after 21 years of work among lepers, has taken up his post as secretary of the Mission to Lepers.

His ship was torpedoed in

CHURCHILL GETS £15 for STAYING HERE!

MR. CHURCHILL is always a busy man, and has not taken a single week-end off from his duties since taking over the Premiership. That is why, since becoming Premier, he has not visited his "country seat."

Yes, as Prime Minister he has a country seat—Chequers. Standing in the Chiltern Hills, just over an hour from London by car, it was handed to the nation in 1921 by Lord and Lady Lee of Fareham for the use of successive Prime Ministers as their country residence.

And every time the Prime Minister visits Chequers and stays for thirty-six hours or more he receives the sum of £15.

There is a most interesting story behind this fact. Lord Lee, who from his earliest youth loved Chequers, spent a large sum of money in restoring the house. Knowing, however, that the post of Prime Minister carried with it numerous money burdens, he thought it would be a good idea if he assisted the country's leader to entertain, when staying at the residence, in the matter befitting such an important person.

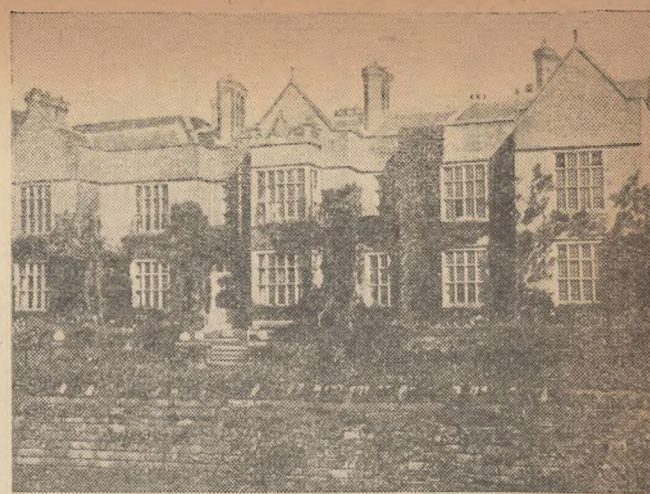
So a trust fund was founded, and the result is the £15 handed to the "P.M." to-day.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald loved Chequers probably more than any other Prime Minister. While there he often used to visit the nearby Ellesborough Golf Club, of which every Prime Minister automatically becomes an honorary member.

Strange as it may sound on the surface, the Prime Minister's country house was actually built, centuries ago, by a "smart" young man who took advantage of his position as a clerk in the Exchequer of Henry the Second to make money "on the side" out of the rich merchants. He retired at an early age, and, with his ill-gotten gains, built Chequers.

It was in the thirteenth century—in 1254—that the Hawtreys family took over, and kept possession of the property until 1597. It was largely rebuilt by William Hawtreys in 1565, and Queen Elizabeth placed that gentleman in a rather uncomfortable position.

When "Good Queen Bess" discovered that Lady Mary Grey, sister of the famed Lady Jane Grey, had married Thomas Keyes, the sergeant porter at the Queen's Court, she was furious, and used this as an excuse to have her "imprisoned" in Chequers. Other people held the opinion that Queen Elizabeth feared Lady Mary as a potential rival for the throne.



Poor William Hawtreys was held responsible for the young woman's detention, and she was placed in a room, from that moment onwards known as "The Prison Room," at the top of the house.

During her two years of detention Lady Mary Grey wrote many letters, which were later hung around the room, and also spent some of her time writing a Latin inscription on the wall. This is carefully protected by glass to-day.

Chequers is a story in itself. History faces you on all sides as you stroll through this famous mansion.

In the garden, as you enter Chequers, can be seen the remains of a stump of a very old elm tree. King Stephen is said to have planted the tree, and there is a legend that the fall of a bough meant that the owner of Chequers was going to die.

One of the best-known rooms in the Prime Minister's country home is the Hawtreys Room. It is packed tight with history and interesting facts. From this room a secret stairway leads to the "Prison Room."

During the Great War the mansion was used as a voluntary hospital, managed and maintained by Lady Lee and her sister, Faith Moore, and a framed certificate on the wall of the Hawtreys Room records this fact.

The Great Hall, where personalities from all parts of the world have gathered, two flags over the chimney-piece and the Union Jack hanging

in the centre of the East Wall catch the eye. They were the regimental colours of local volunteer regiments raised to meet the threatened invasion of Napoleon. Another very interesting thing is a large leather and brass-mounted chest that belonged to King James the First when he was at the Admiralty.

Nearby, in the great parlour, hang two swords that belonged to Oliver Cromwell. One is reputed to have been carried by him at Marston Moor. As a matter of fact, Chequers contains many Cromwell relics, including his slippers—and a "life mask." He had the latter made for his family so that they should not forget what he looked like when he was away from home!

One could go on for hours talking about Chequers and the treasures within its ancient walls. And it is a strict rule that no Prime Minister is allowed to add to Chequers—or take anything from it when his term of office ends.

From the road, this famous mansion, which is rarely used, looks deserted. So does the drive leading up to the house. But just you try walking towards the house. You won't get very far. A policeman will see to that.

When the war is won, perhaps Chequers will regain some of its former greatness—and future Prime Ministers will take full advantage of that £15 that is always waiting to be picked up in return for a 36-hours stay!

CHARLES FORD

A Photo and news from home for P.O. Edward Buckingham

WHEN Petty Officer Edward Charles Buckingham (Teddy to his relations and friends around Selbourne Street, Princes Park, Liverpool) reads this he'll know that a third member of the family has been "kitted out" in navy blue.

Sister Betty's eldest boy, 19-year-old big nephew Ronnie to Uncle's Teddy and Fred, has been in the Royal Navy for some weeks now, and he likes the life even more than you prophesied. Sixteen-year-old Cyril, Betty's

youngest, is really jealous and wishing he could do something to forward the day when he can put the electrical knowledge he has been gaining since he left school at the service of the Navy.

Both Ronnie and Cyril have set their hearts on "getting into submarines," like Uncle Teddy, and nobody would be prouder than "Mam" if their wish could come true.

"Mam," as the youngsters call her, because she looks much too young to be known as "Gran," as she really is to seven hefty boys and girls, is keeping pretty fit, though she

had a bit of bother recently with a collapsed vein in the left leg, which has caused her trouble for years, off and on.

But she is taking specialist treatment for it right away, and says the leg will be O.K. in no time.

Betty, too, has got nicely over a touch of bronchitis, and 17-year-old niece Marjorie is feeling on top of the world and quite a big shot now that she is practically running the show at the coal merchant's office in the city where she works.

"She's a smart kid," says "Mam" admiringly, and the only arguments at Selbourne Street are when Marjorie wants "Mam" to "dress younger" and go out more with the young people.

"Mam" retorts that she dresses to suit Dad, and that a nice black and white frock such as she was wearing when a "Good Morning" reporter saw her, sitting in front of a cosy fire nursing "Gypsy," the Irish terrier, is right for her and meets with Dad's approval, and that's all that matters to her.

Gyp's grudge against life now that you aren't home to take her out, is that she isn't allowed to run round Princes Park way by herself, but "Mam" is fairly strict on her comings and goings!

Latest bit of family news is that brother Fred's first-born has arrived safely and is flourishing. Fred hasn't seen the baby yet, of course, but "Mam" is just delighted to have another baby to cuddle.



Constables practise life-saving.

policemen are going to school again to keep themselves well primed with the many Defence Regulations affecting ports.

Two- or three-day "refresher courses" are being given by senior officers and officials from the Authority solicitor's department.

FOR the second time since its inception two years ago the Portsmouth Allied Sailors' Club is searching for new headquarters.

Opened as a result of a suggestion made by the Premier to Admiral Sir William James, M.P., and financed at the start by Lord Beaverbrook, the club was bombed out of its first premises. It then took over rooms behind the Y.M.C.A. Hostel, High Street. Now these

the South Atlantic. The explosion of the torpedo destroyed their open boat's compass, but Mrs. Miller produced a small compass she had used for training Girl Guides. For thirteen days they steered by this; when picked up, they were told they were dead on their course.

Mr. Miller was greatly impressed by the unselfishness of an Indian seaman. The water ration was two ounces a day. There were half-a-dozen children in the boat, and one aged three was crying for more water. The Indian seaman took a sip of his ration, and before he could be stopped he gave the rest to the child.

Ron Richards



"THIS IS NO GAME FOR AMATEURS"

FOR the second time that day Gwen Darcy told in detail the story of what she had done to try to discover Janet Warren's blackmailer. To her story Merrow added his, and Argent helped to make the narrative more complete with occasional explanations and useful comments.

Mostly, Salter listened, speaking only to ask some pertinent question to make more clear some point that seemed too vague or uncertain.

At last he seemed to be satisfied. For perhaps a couple of minutes he studied some notes he had taken, then abruptly he turned to Argent.

"I take it you want me to advise Miss Darcy and Mr. Merrow," he said.

"That is so."

"I advise them to drop any further investigation—"

"Drop it!" Gwen exclaimed.

"I certainly will not, Mr. Salter."

"Now wait a minute," Salter said. "Listen to what I've got to say first. This sort of game isn't for amateurs, particularly when you're dealing with men like Logan and his gang. You don't want to have an accident, do you, Miss Darcy?"

"An accident?" she repeated, in a bewildered tone.

"Do you mean—that I might be attacked? Because if so, I'm not afraid."

"No, I don't think you are. That makes it all the more likely."

WANGLING WORDS—186

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after CAPAD, to make a word.

2. Rearrange the letters of HEAR BROOK'S GUN, to make a town in Yorkshire.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SLEEP into SNORE, MEAT into DINE, FISH into FOWL, COWS into GOAT.

4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from EVAPORATORS?

Answer to Wangling Words—No. 185

1. LEMON-SOLE.
2. STOW-ON-THE-WOLD.
3. SLEEP, SHEEP, CHEEP, CHEAP, CHEAT, CHERT, CHART, CHARE, SHARE, SNARE, SWARE, AWARE, AWAKE.

SMITH, SMITE, SPITE, SPITS, SPOTS, SHOTS, SHOWS, CHOWS, CROWS, BROWS, BROWN.

HAIR, PAIR, PAID, PARD, WARD, WARE, WIRE.

4. Cram, Marl, Soul, Rail, Liar, Calm, Caul, Ails, Loom, Curl, Curs, Cars, Scar, Coil, Coir, Slam, Maul, Moll, Sour, Roam, etc.

Moral, Coral, Molar, Claim, Scour, Liars, Lairs, Roams, Saur, etc.

JANE



The Lady in Number Four

By Richard Keverne

PART XIV

"But surely Salter, you don't think there's any serious chance of such a thing?" Argent put in.

"I do indeed. Listen, doctor. You know Pringle's men never drop a case. Well, some years ago—I'm going to confide in you—Pringle's were after this blood-sucker Logan. He got away and was supposed to be drowned. So far as the client was concerned the case was satisfactorily ended." Argent found it hard to restrain a smile. Salter was good; there was not the slightest suggestion that Argent was the client of whom he spoke. "But Pringle's didn't forget Logan. They were never quite satisfied that he was dead. From time to time odd bits of information turned up in connection with other cases that had a bearing on Logan. That all went into the records. I looked up those records when I was put on this present case of mine, and I knew a lot without having to look them up. Doctor—Salter spoke very seriously—"we've got enough information about Logan, in Holborn—if we

1				
2				
3				
4				
5				
6				
7				

When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues given below, you will find the centre column down will give you the name of a famous British actor, film star, song writer, producer of musical plays, etc. 1, Declines. 2, Not tight. 3, Not once. 4, Gries. 5, A fruit. 6, Rubbed away. 7, Talked.

(Solution in No. 232.)

could prove it, mark you—to get him fifteen years, and possibly a rope. Now then, if we know that about the swine, what's he know about himself? And do you think he or any of the gang that works for him is going to be particular if they find a couple of amateurs nosing into their affairs and finding out anything that might get 'em into trouble? Believe me, they're not."

"As bad as that, is it?" Merrow said, impressed by the man's earnestness.

"Quite as bad. Logan is a big man, and a clever one. He works behind a screen of lesser crooks, and all of them, I would not mind betting, have got to work for him because he knows enough about them to make 'em. That's the blackmailer's way."

"Well?" Gwen was still defiant.

"I'm going to tell you something. I've an idea that Logan is getting interested in you."

"Why?"

"What other 'she' at the 'Black Boy' may have been worrying him? He'll know your connection with Miss Warren, and clearly he thinks you're up to something. How, don't ask me. But your going to the Beach at Shinglemouth was probably noted. He's got contacts there—Charlton proves that. And he's got a contact here."

"What, in this house?" Merrow protested.

"Undoubtedly."

"Who the devil do you suggest?" Merrow was indignant. Salter was utterly unperturbed.

"Well, Mr. Merrow," he said indulgently, "you can look for potentials among your customers or your staff—"

"I'll vouch for my staff—"

"Aren't you overlooking one very obvious link? Paternoster's daughter, who's working at Shinglemouth."

Merrow bridled.

"Look here, Mr. Salter," he began, "if you suggest any of the Paternosters are spying on me or Miss Darcy—"

"Not spying in the true sense," Salter interrupted. "But you'll agree with me that there is communication between the 'Black Boy' and the Beach Hotel?"

"Well—er—yes, of course. Naturally. Milly writes to her family and they write to her, I suppose. And—"

He remembered then that Milly often telephoned to Eve since the instrument had been installed at the inn. "But, damn it all, Salter, neither of Paternoster's girls would do a thing like that."

"Not if they knew what they were doing."

"I'll speak to Eve about it," Merrow said testily.

"Please don't. She may not be the contact, but if you spoke to her you'd probably make her an unwitting one. I want you to drop all this investigation—"

"I won't," Gwen said, "not unless the police will take it up."

"Miss Darcy, the police will never take it up, no matter how much evidence you might give them. The most important, in fact the essential, witness was dead. That's the position, Miss Darcy."

Gwen flushed. "But there must be some way of making these brutes who killed Janet—yes, they killed her—there must be some way of making them pay now we've found them," she protested.

get these beasts punished," Gwen said fiercely.

"Thank you, Miss Darcy," Salter said. "I'm very grateful to you. I think my chances of getting these people are much improved by what I've heard in this room this afternoon."

Mr. Francis Salter's first instructions were unexciting. He wanted Gwen to go back to London.

"You see, I want whoever may be interested in you to lose that interest," he said. "So long as you are here for no apparent reason they will be suspicious. This isn't a holiday hotel. I don't imagine you often have people staying for more than a few nights, do you, Mr. Merrow?"

"No, that's true. But Miss Darcy has a very good reason for being here. She is something of an authority in interior decorating and she's undertaken some work for me here."

Salter nodded. "That's another story," he said. "What sort of work?"

"Curtains, carpets, redecoration of the bedrooms, and some furnishings," Gwen said.

"Have you started work?"

"Not yet."

"Then make an obvious start at once," Salter urged. "Something that will get talked about. Can you manage it?"

"Certainly," Merrow put in. "We'll begin to-morrow—to-day if you like."

"Fine. And if you can make use of some of the Wilborough shops, all the better. I want it talked about."

"I'll see to it. And what do you want me to do?" Merrow asked.

"Carry on with your job and keep your eyes and ears open. What I'm trying to do is to still any suspicions that may be in the mind of interested persons that you and Miss Darcy have been doing—well, what you have been doing."

"Now, sir," Salter turned to Philip Argent. "Can you spare me an hour? I want to check some of these facts with you."

"Certainly, I'm entirely at your disposal."

"Then perhaps—" Salter debated with himself for a moment. "—no need to advertise the fact that we're going together. You've got your car here; if I walk about half a mile along the Wilborough road perhaps you'd pick me up."

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A snook is a billiards term, fish, Thatcher's implement, card game, small goose, tailor's iron?
2. Who wrote (a) Peer Gynt, (b) Peg Woffington?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Friend, Person, Brother, Companion, Parent, Neighbour?
4. On what river does Derby stand?
5. What nationality is Boris Karloff?
6. How many squares are there on a chessboard?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Antirrhinum, Punctilious, Excema, Soliloquy, Embarrass?
8. What rank in the Navy is equivalent to a Chief Officer in the W.R.N.S.?
9. Of which are there more in a mile—metres or yards?
10. What is the capital of Afghanistan?
11. For what is William Booth famous?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) Grin like a —, (b) Run like a —.

Answers to Quiz in No. 230

1. Musical instrument.
2. (a) Ouida, (b) Kipling.
3. Monk is masculine; others feminine.
4. Don.
5. Eau de Cologne.
6. Puck.
7. Guillotine, Nauseous.
8. Assistant Section Officer.
9. 615.
10. Dublin.
11. Architect.
12. (a) Cottage, (b) Lurch.

ODD CORNER

The record in small writing goes back to the time of Cicero, who had (according to the Roman historian, Pliny) an entire copy of Homer's "Iliad" in a nutshell.

A recent remarkable record was achieved by the late Mr. W. Burrough Hill, of Southampton, who wrote the first three Articles of the Peace Pact (George V) on the space of a sixpence at the age of 87. He used ordinary paper, pen and ink, and scorned the use of a magnifying glass, but though the script contains about 150 words, the writing is perfectly legible to the unaided eye. Can you beat it?

CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11						12			
13						14			
15						16			
	17		18				19		
	20		21				22		
23		24		25			26		27
28			29				30		31
32						33			
34						35			
36						37			

CLUES ACROSS.

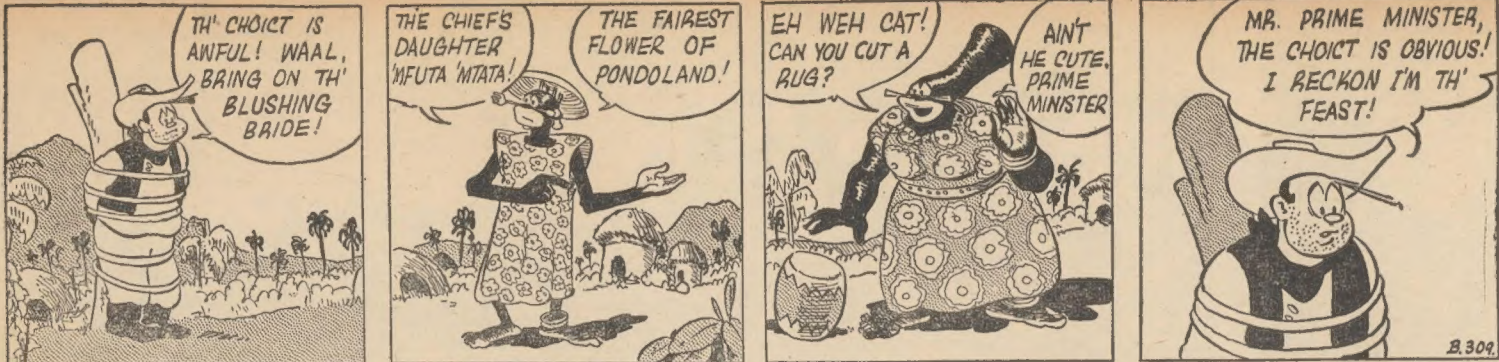
- 1 Employees.
- 6 Ship's crane.
- 11 Grooved wheel.
- 12 Number.
- 13 Excessive.
- 14 Discards lover.
- 15 Smoke.
- 16 Dance.
- 17 Ward off.
- 19 Some.
- 21 Sweeten.
- 23 Female animal.
- 25 Uttered shrilly.
- 28 Source.
- 30 Current fashion.
- 32 Lost.
- 33 Girl's name.
- 34 Truth.
- 35 France.
- 36 Farm animals.
- 37 Scottish county.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Reject with contempt.
- 2 Air.
- 3 Tree.
- 4 Kidney potatoes.
- 5 Remuneration.
- 7 Indigo plant.
- 8 House.
- 9 Mean.
- 10 Inscrutable.
- 14 Medicinal root.
- 16 Commence.
- 18 Scholar.
- 20 Outcast.
- 22 Shift.
- 23 Takes off.
- 24 Out small.
- 26 Giver.
- 27 Irish county.
- 29 Means of exit.
- 31 Loose earth.
- 33 Plant juice.

H PLUG PRAM
OHIO UNRIPE
CACTUS OGEE
KIT SHOD AT
ELUDE RISK
Y REFLECT D
PERU GEESE
SI ALSO WIT
LAWN ENLACE
ONAGER TRKS
POSE FRED T

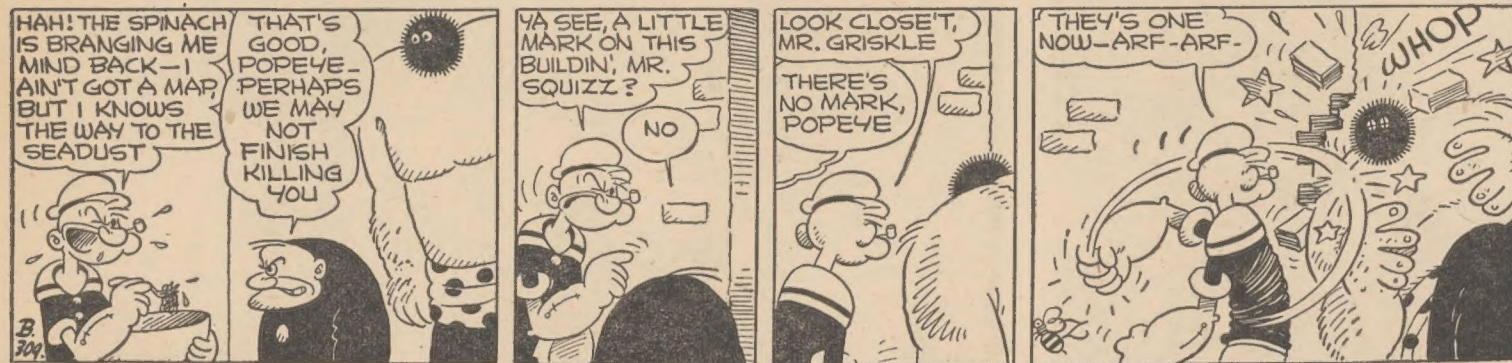
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CEREMONIOUS?

Here's Why

THAMES SWAN-UPPING

FROM a time "beyond legal memory" markers of the Vintners' Company and the Dyers' Company have made their annual trip up the Thames to round up the swans and mark the cygnets with their insignia.

This ceremony is called swan-upping.

Many years ago hundreds of licence-holders kept swans on the Thames. Nowadays, the right to a swan-mark, granted by licence from the Crown, is held only by these two Companies.

The swan-mark of the Vintners' Company is two notches like a double chevron, and that of the Dyers' Company a single notch.

The King also shares ownership of the swans, but his birds are not marked.

Swan-upping opens on the Thames in July, after Henley Regatta, and the swannery stretches from Southwark Bridge to Reading. The idea is to establish the ownership of the young birds before they are old enough to leave their parents.

It is a skilled job separating the swans from their young, for the parents are liable to resent the intrusion.

The business of finding young "clear-bills," as unmarked swans are called, is in the hands of three brothers named Turk, of Kingston, who are sons of a Royal waterman. They've been doing the job for thirty years.



It is a colourful ceremony. The uppers wear traditional costumes, with swans' feathers in their hats, and the little flotilla of skiffs fly the Royal banner and the banners of the City Companies.

The Vintners have records of the custom dating back to 1509, but how or when it actually began is thought to have been lost when the Company's other records were destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666.

Kings from the time of Richard I have guarded the swans on the Thames and kept them under their patronage.

In Henry VII's reign, anyone stealing a swan's egg got a year's imprisonment and a fine. Setting snares for or driving swans was even more severely punished. Even to-day it is a felony to steal or injure in any way a young swan.

When the upping is finished, the Vintners and Dyers attend divine service at St. James's, Garlickhythe, near Southwark Bridge.

In our picture you see some of the Vintners leaving the church.

What! Are they sweeping the road in top-hats?

They are.

It is a relic of the times when people shot their rubbish into the street. Quite what it has to do with swan-upping isn't clear, but it always concludes the day's ceremonies.

J. S. NEWCOMBE.

HIDDEN ANIMALS

Here are some hidden animals. The letters are in the right column, but not in the right line. How many can you find?

CACKAFN
PAECCOO
RHFERLE
MOLATAE
BIREFLT
GUSEOAT
GUZFLAH

(Solution in No. 232.)

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.



"Hey! You jazz fiends. How's this for a Jam Session?
Getting my hand in early, so to speak."



Putting the cat amongst the pigeons has nothing on putting the puppy amongst the poultry. Funny thing is, that the guy who's causing all the trouble just isn't taking a darned bit of notice.



This England The beautiful garden of Staple Inn, Holborn.
And it is less than one minute from one of the busiest thoroughfares in London.



THE CONNOISSEUR
And well he should be. He's ship's cat on a trawler.

WHAT SHALL I WEAR?

Charming American actress Peggy Knudsen, really couldn't have any other problem, could she?



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Move over Miss, while I get at him."

